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NOVEMBER, 1939



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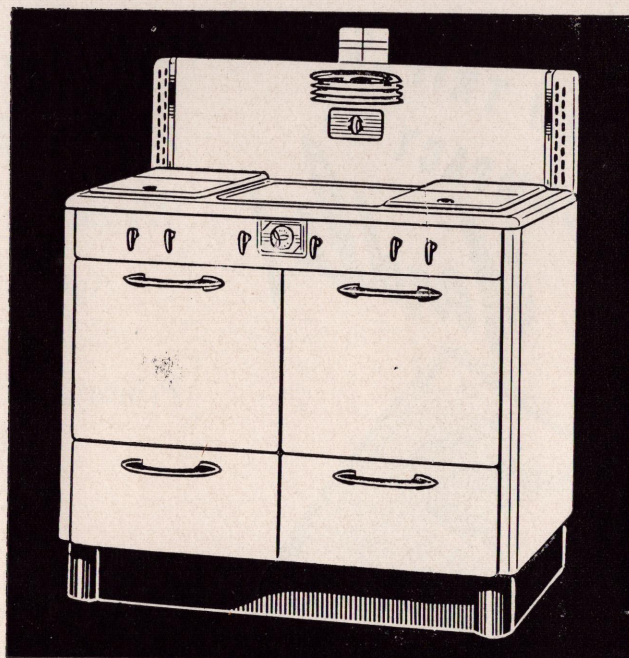
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They're crawling in the windows,  
They're crashing through the door . . .  
They're falling down the chimney,  
They're climbing through the floor;  
They're digging through the plaster,  
(They've made an awful hole)  
That's how the crowds are fighting  
To get in the *Sugar Bowl*!

NO FOOLIN', COME SEE FOR YOURSELF!

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*Students' Rendezvous*

North at Melville Streets, Pittsfield, Mass.

# The Student's Pen

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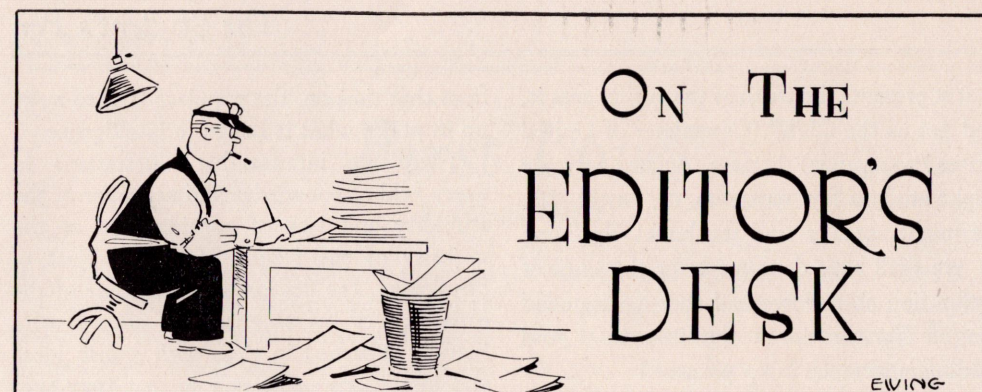
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## War

By Bruce Hainsworth

SINCE time immemorial men have found physical combat glamorous. Now, we can't speak of the wars of the ancients, but any American Legionaire will tell you that there is no glory in war today. Modern weapons have knocked the "I" out of glory, and this modern barbarism is just gory. We must be realists and face the facts! We may dismiss the ghastly pictures in our newspapers as propaganda, but we must admit that these pictures show Mars in his true light—a mighty machine of destruction, and nothing more.

What puts this machine in motion?

Very often the personal ambitions of a nation's leader start the Juggernaut rolling. A striking example is the present situation in Europe, the result of an Anglo-French effort to curb Hitler and his "Drang nach Osten." If success crowned Hitler's struggle to give Germany new, more productive lands—Lebensraum—the Allies' world power would be weakened; hence, the war. As long as we have nations governed by individuals or minorities, as long as nations are animated by selfishness and jealousy, wars will inevitably result.

Evidently the hopes of civilization lie in democracy. And where do we find democracy—temporarily, at least—free of the

threat of dictatorial domination? In the United States alone. This civilized government—democracy—is our priceless heritage, and we shall do well to ponder long and seriously before risking it by rashly plunging into a European boundary squabble. We fought "to save the world for democracy" once—and once ought to be enough. The Germans took our men, and our "fellow democracies" took our money. Henceforth, we ought to beware the glorious institution of war. But everywhere in America the spectacular is the "rage". Evidence—the tremendous following of the spectacular sports like football. This same love of the spectacular—call it glory, if you will—can lead a nation, even a democracy, to war; we must be on our guard, and make sure that we never let Europe's war game supplant our Rose Bowl game.

If we intend to keep alive that tiny flame of learning which still flickers on this side of the Atlantic, then, we should stay at home to tend it, and keep away from the inferno of "Kultur" which men have built in Europe.

What does this mean to us? It means simply this:—

We must strive to improve our minds, rather than our marksmanship. Next time we pick up an American book, let us be thankful



that it presents the truth as the author sees it, and not as the CUSP (Commissar of United States Propaganda) dictates. Accordingly, we might study a few moments, or, better still, we might actually read the book! By doing so, we shall have done more for the cause of civilization than if we had shot a misguided son of dictatorship in the trenches. And reading is so much more pleasant!

## The Belittled Minority

By Albert Wing

"**S**UCH folly! What is this country coming to? Nothing could be more ridiculous," it was argued, "than to pay out good American money for a mass of glaciers and frozen waste such as Alaska."

"Seward's Folly" became a byword, but the man who made the purchase—William H. Seward, then Secretary of State—regarded this act as the greatest service of his life. Today the tables are turned on his former critics, for we look upon Alaska as a veritable storehouse of wealth; we now are thankful for the wisdom of this man whom we once decried so vehemently.

Throughout the history of mankind, people have been divided in opinions, actions, feelings. There have always been some few who, standing apart from the masses, have distinguished themselves by their individuality. Strange as it may seem, these people have an unaccountable tendency, so history tells us, of being on the right side of every controversial issue. Invariably it is the great masses of the people who have been misled, leaving only a few clear thinkers to carry on.

These few, the thinking minority that have been willing to defy popular opinion, have been responsible for the greater share of human progress, yet they have been continually the objects of great criticism until the strength of reason or changing circumstances have proved them to be right. But

from that time on, the populace tries to make up in praise what it lacked in intelligence.

There are innumerable illustrations in every field of knowledge and endeavor of the stupidity and lack of consideration of the majority of the people. In the subject of physiology, the doctors and scientists of the early part of the seventeenth century were literally drowned in their own foolish ideas and inhibitions—so much so that they ridiculed, scorned, laughed at anybody who would even dare to say, as the brilliant William Harvey had said, that the human blood circulated! Dr. Harvey was one against thousands, and it was over a score of years before his revolutionary theory was recognized. How one would like to rebel against such unreasonable fear of new ideas!

We all know how Columbus was hampered in his project, how Roger Williams was expelled for his broad-minded views, how Robert Fulton was at first jeered, how General Gorgas was opposed on every side in his attempt to stamp out yellow fever in the Canal Zone through eradication of the disease-bearing mosquitoes. History holds countless instances where time proved the minority to be right; but there have also been many recent examples of the cruel shortsightedness of the majority.

Most of the famous men in history were either geniuses or people with ideas of their own. In either case, they are an exceedingly small part of the population. Yet this determination of the people not to heed the wisdom expressed by the few has led nations to ruin and is in the act of doing so again. Modern methods of propaganda have just increased the percentage of gullible people, and if anyone expresses views not in accord with popular opinion, he is not only likely to be derided, but ostracized.

The only way to prevent the spreading of this tendency is to take into consideration the minorities—listen to them—respect them. Someday you may be in the minority.

("A word to the wise is sufficient.")

## First Love

By Loraine Dakin

**I**LL never grumble about going to the store again—no, *never!* Not even if I have to leave two big apples and three good books instead of just one of each. From now on, the trip to the corner store will hold just as much (perhaps more) fascination for me as any good murder mystery.

I am an ardent fan of Van Dine, Oppenheim and Conan Doyle; in fact, I just about live on juicy mysteries—would rather read 'em than eat (or just about).

Yes, to me, murder is the spice of life—and going to the store, a definite waste of time. Ever since I can remember, I've hated to go to the store, and it seems that I'm always selected to go. I've often wondered why it was Mother never sent Janet or even Dad, and I've ranted and raved 'cause I thought Fate was an old meanie. But now I know . . . I've learned that Fate controls Destiny. I'm older now—and wiser. It all came about like this.

It was a beautiful fall day outside—a perfect day for walking—but there I was curled up on the divan avidly reading the pages of "The Hound of the Baskervilles"—I remember the name—in fact I remember everything that happened that day because . . . well, that will come later. The mournful howl of that awful creature was ringing in my ears, and shivers of delight and horror played tag up and down my spine as I read.

"Loraine, I need a few things from the store, dear." (Mother's voice in case you haven't guessed.)

"M-m-m." I murmured and wiggled in anticipation "that mournful baying came closer and closer—" then the book was gently removed from my hands.

"Oh—oo, Mother," I wailed, "Please let me just finish this—"

"No," said Mother firmly, "there'll be time enough for you to finish that after supper. It's a nice day, and the walk will be good for you. Now here's the money and the list—"

I grumbled as I slid into my jacket, and I banged the front door rather loudly as I went out.

"A fine thing—can't even read a book in peace! Wonder if all girls have to go to the store? Well, I don't care—it isn't right just the same. Nice day, huh? Just like any other ol' day," I grumbled, "same sky, same ol' trees with leaves getting into your hair—huh!" Reaching the store, I slammed the slip down on the counter and snapped,

"Come on, Jimmy, step on it! I'm in a hurry." I don't believe Jimmy has ever seen me not in a hurry, so he went on, writing on the inventory sheet. I grumbled about the service and how I was going to get Mother to change grocers, 'till I remembered that the next one was a block away and that meant four blocks to walk instead of two every time I had to go to the store—so then I just grumbled about the world in general and said no more about service. But I couldn't make an impression on Jimmy. He took his time, and when, five minutes later, he nonchalantly passed my bundle over the counter, I grabbed it without ceremony and rushed towards the door, only to go crashing into someone apparently in as much of a hurry to come in as I was to get out. Down went the bag of groceries and up went my temper—

"Why don't you look where you're going? Who do you think you are, anyhow?" I raved. "It's too bad a person—oh!" I said weakly. "Oh!" for I was looking into the pair of bluest eyes I have ever seen—"Oh, I'm so sorry," I finally managed to murmur, for it was the boy



who had just moved into the house at the corner of our street—his name was Eddie something-or-other—and was he nice looking!

"No, it was my fault," he said in the nicest voice in the world. "If I hadn't been in such a hurry to get back to that old murder mystery I'm reading—" then as I began to laugh uncontrollably, he broke off, puzzled. So then I had to explain, and though I did a bad job, (but who wouldn't with the man of her dreams gazing at her?) he understood, and soon we were laughing together like old friends. As we picked up the can of spinach (now I know what it's good for) our hands touched for just the briefest of moments—but that moment wrought havoc within me and it seemed as if suddenly, all the red corpuscles in my blood stream began to sing love songs to the white ones—it felt so funny, yet so nice.

"I say," he said when everything had at last been restored to the bag, "let me carry it for you, it must be heavy." Right then and there I mentally blessed Mother for the two large boxes of cornflakes which did make the bag look pretty bulky.

"That would be swell!" I said and couldn't help smiling as I wondered if Emily Post would have approved—but I didn't care, for all of a sudden the sky was a brilliant blue, and the air was clear, but scented with the tang of the burning leaves—beautiful leaves, all colors of rainbow. What a glorious day it was!

We walked slowly, for we only had a block to go—it seemed so short to me—and I guess he felt that way, too. But all good things come to an end too soon and so—there we were before my steps. He handed me the bag slowly, saying as he did so—

"We've quite a bit in common, you know, our liking of mysteries, and dislike of going to the store; may I call you some night soon?"

"Oh, yes," I said—"it would be fun," and I rushed into the house.

It is evening now, and I am looking out towards the hills; they're growing more indistinct in the twilight every minute—I wonder if he'll call tonight? Of course, we only met this afternoon, but then—. How beautiful the sky is, bright blue, ridged with deep pink clouds—the sun, flaming red, is almost gone; what a glorious day it has been! The trees are etched in black against the brilliant sky; ebony leaves stir in the breeze—oh! The phone—I wonder if—

"Hello," I murmur.

And as the sun goes down in a blaze of glory—

"Hello—," comes that thrilling voice over the wire, . . . "hello, this is Eddie."

## KARMA

By Betty Moore

You get what you give,  
You'll find, if you live  
Very long in this straitlaced old world.

Since time first began,  
Since dust changed to man,  
Since the banner of life first unfurled,  
The cheat has been cheated;  
The servant's been served;  
Each one's reward meted  
In measures deserved.  
The workers who've striven  
Find riches and gold;  
The sluggard is driven  
To starve in the cold.

So, whatever your ultimate doom, friend, may  
be,

Rest assured—you deserved it;  
Fate's conscience is free.

# Jill Grows Up - and Down

By Elizabeth Byrne

AS usual, Toby Tyler was talking to his car, Stella. He was giving her a new coat of polish, and telling her his troubles.

"You know, Stella," he said, "I don't know what to make of Jill. Why, gosh! the other night when we went to the country club dance she was dressed up like an old lady. I'm telling you, she looked about twenty-five years old! Her fingernails were long and painted a deep red. Her hair was all piled up on top of her head—an upsweep coiffure was what she called it; and she had on a black dress that made her look . . . well, like Aunt Hannah!"

"All the way down she talked about that new teacher, Mr. Duncan. You know, Stella, he's good-looking in a sissified way. 'Pretty', I call him. Well, she told me about the long, intellectual conversations they have together. You know, I think she likes the guy—but what can I do about it? She never will have a soda with me any more; says that's too babyish. Now she thinks football's a very crude sport (I'll bet Mr. Duncan doesn't like it) and me captain of the team, too.

"I even talked to Mrs. Wakely about it, and she said that she was glad Jill had met Mr. Duncan because her marks were so good. Why, that old 'Beetle Bug' would only be good enough for Cousin Marion. Cousin Marion! Hey! Mother said something about a letter from her saying she was coming. Wait a second, Stella, I'm going to find out."

Toby came out of the house two minutes later, the despairing look gone and a gleam of hope in his eyes.

"Stella," he shouted. "Marion's got a job at the library, and she's going to stay in town. I'll have to think of some way to get her to meet Mr. Duncan."

Toby did some high thinking and finally

conceived the idea of having his mother invite them both to dinner on the same night. He didn't want Mr. Duncan to become suspicious so he tried to get better acquainted with him by walking with him, and this Jill didn't like because she wanted to walk home alone with Mr. Duncan. As Tobey had guessed, Jill had fallen pretty hard by this time.

Well, Toby had his dinner and everything went well as he told Stella the next day.

"Stella, honey, it worked! Boy, when I introduced Mr. Duncan to Marion I could tell by the look in her eyes that she meant to get him. I guess that was O. K. with him though, 'cause before they left, they had made plans to see a lot of each other.

"The only thing that bothers me though is Jill. Poor Kid! I guess she thought she had clicked with him. Well, only time will tell what's going to happen."

Time certainly told Toby a lot. Jill was furious with him. The day after the dinner at Toby's house Mr. Duncan had started to sing Marion's praises, and he had been singing them ever since. Jill had a feeling it was Toby's work, and she wouldn't speak to him. She really felt bad because she missed Toby's companionship, and she was very unhappy about Mr. Duncan. She had fallen pretty hard for Mr. Duncan and had thought her feeling was returned. No wonder she didn't like Mr. Duncan's growing interest in Cousin Marion. And Mr. Duncan's interest was growing,—growing every hour—

The more Mr. Duncan and Marion saw of each other, the better they liked it, and the better they liked it, the more they saw of each other. And so for two or three months things went on like this.

They came to a head the night of the high



school dance. Toby was feeling pretty downhearted. He was just deciding that it had been a waste of time to come because Jill wouldn't dance with him. She seemed all wrapped up in Mr. Duncan, who appeared to be imparting some great secret.

But Toby never took his eyes off Jill, and as she danced by, he thought she looked as if she wanted to cry. At the end of the dance, he saw her go outdoors, and he followed her. There she was, sitting on the steps, sobbing.

"Gee, don't cry, Jill," he said, sitting down beside her. "What's the matter?"

"Oh, Toby, I've been such a fool. I'm sorry I was so mean to you."

"Aw, forget it," said Toby, patting her hand awkwardly. "Come on! Buck up and tell me all about it."

"Well," said Jill, "just now when I was dancing with Mr. Duncan, he said, 'Jill, dear little sister, imagine him calling me that.'"

"I ought to punch his nose," said Toby.

"Well, he said, 'dear little sister. I have the most wonderful news to tell you. Young Tyler's cousin Marion has promised to be my wife.' I'm telling you, Toby, it was then I saw what a dope I'd been. I've been so mean to you, I thought you would never speak to me again. That's why I was crying, not about him. I wouldn't care if he married all your cousins."

"Wait a minute, there," said Toby. "One's enough for him. Don't forget they're my cousins. Let's forget old Duncan. Come on and dance."

And as they glided across the floor and Jill smiled on him,

"Gosh, making up is so nice," said Toby, "Let's get mad more often."

## AUTUMN

By Eloise Hendershot

Autumn is an artist who paints with colors bold;  
His canvas—the landscape—is splashed with reds and gold.  
The hills are royal purple, the sky, an azure blue,  
The pine, a perfect backdrop for the fields of golden hue.

## HEAD COLD—

Took breath

Maine air;

Fine Day,

Weather fair.

In air

Little bug;

My throat

Fine rug.

Didn't notice

His intrusion

Until came

This confusion.

Nose ran,

Throat sore;

Voice like

Squeaky door.

Felt bad,

Terrible, worse;

Just like

This verse.

Doc said

"Into bed—

Cold bugs

In head."

Moral is:—

You beware.

Don't breathe

Maine air!

## Football Blues

By Winifred Aitchison

THE bleachers are fast filling with throngs of laughing and chattering boys and girls keyed to a high pitch of expectation. The stirring music of the school band floats out into the air with a blast of trumpets punctuated by the resonant throbbing of the big bass drum, captivating the high spirited students who beat out the tempo with a will. In the bright afternoon sunshine the stands fairly blaze with the brilliant colors of many sweaters, rivalling indeed the surrounding glories of the New England autumn. There is an abundance of purple and white ribbons.

Meanwhile, one can see a lone figure flying down the street accompanied by the frenzied clanking of a copper cowbell. She clenches a bag of lollipops tightly in one hand and a much crumpled ticket in the other, while a purple ribbon flutters from somewhere within her flying hair.

Breathless, she arrives at the gate and slips through to take her place in the stands, inconveniencing about twenty people in the process of reaching her seat. Here she is swallowed into insignificance.

The teams run swiftly on to the field, greeted by lusty cheers from the bleachers, each man determined to do his best for his team. The band strikes up, and the excited boys and girls burst spontaneously into song. The two teams strut around the field with feet lifted high to limber up looking for all the world like a flock of wild turkeys. They run in "V" formation and charge around passing, carrying, and kicking wild balls which hang imminently over the bleachers and then fall dizzily to earth at the very feet of the first row-ers. The policeman parades pompously up and down smiling benevolently on the boisterous young people. Perhaps not so long ago he was a football player himself—the

answer to a maiden's prayer—or at the very least an able rooter.

Now the little group of officials is talking with the two captains, a sure signal that the game is about to start. The linesmen, who run up and down with their sticks and chain and who always get in the way at a crucial moment, are prepared to start. The babble of the crowd rises, charging the very air with hope and excitement. Little children balance precariously on the rope fences screaming shrilly with enjoyment until they are loudly admonished for blocking the view by the protesting rooters. Suddenly all is quiet except for an occasional falsetto laugh as a player with determination unmistakably stamped on his face, approaches the ball which is held upright by his prone teammate. With a graceful movement he sends it soaring with a triumphant thud. The game is on. But all too soon it ends in ignominious defeat.

\* \* \* \*

Our flying friend of the cowbell, utterly drooping and exhausted, is slumping along in the crawling crowd. The bell is now mute as its tongue wagged so fast during one of the exciting moments that it flew out. The purple ribbon has completely disappeared and with it the bobby pin that held down the rebellious lock of hair which is now standing on end. Gone is the vigour and enthusiasm of two hours ago; gone are the lollipops. One can hear the bleacher heroes criticizing the day's plays and boasting what they would have done in similar situations.

It is only natural that these exuberant young people should be disappointed in defeat, but their disappointment is surprisingly soon forgotten when they start to anticipate the next game in which they feel confident that the victory will fall to their school.



# Cake Baking and Success Making

By B. Myers

WHEN you see a cake, a delicately browned, feathery-light cake, are you filled with a sudden longing to accomplish such perfection for yourself? Do you reach for the mixing bowl and recipe book and, in spite of an openly skeptical family, enthusiastically set to your cookery? First you must investigate your larder to see if all the required ingredients are available. Perhaps your recipe reads like this:

$\frac{1}{4}$ c. butter	} well mixed	1 small pinch of salt
1 c. sugar		$\frac{3}{4}$ c. milk
1 egg		Stir in: 1 t. flavoring

Add:

2 c. flour, thoroughly sifted  
2 t. b. p.

The recipe must be followed with the greatest care. Your flour should be of fine quality, and without the right amount of baking powder your cake will never rise. Although the salt is not essential, it lends tastiness. When the cake has been thoroughly mixed, with prayer and hope you place it in the oven; and if you are not so impatient as to remove it rashly before the necessary baking is completed, you will possess a rich, delicate cake which others will envy and try to imitate.

When you see the life of a successful man or woman whom you respect and admire, are you inspired with the desire to make your life as outstanding and useful? And, in spite of discouragement, do you set out unwaveringly for your goal? Undoubtedly there are certain qualities and virtues you must possess, and your recipe for success might read like this:

$\frac{1}{4}$ c. ability	} well mixed	1 small pinch
1 c. character		human weakness
1 good heart		1 c. unselfishness
		1 t. personality

Add:

2 c. friends, sifted thoroughly  
2 t. ambition

These qualities are as vital to your success in life as your foodstuffs are to your cake. But if you find some lacking in your larder of life, don't become discouraged, for most of them can be acquired if you really try to obtain them. The basic ingredients, character and ability, are necessary to each other. No matter how great your ability, without character it will profit you nothing. Friends must be chosen carefully, for you want the kind that will stick by you and believe in you through thick and thin. Without ambition none has ever gained success, and although it is only needed in small amounts, it is as important to your life as baking powder is to your cake.

Even if you have everything required in the recipe, your task is still incomplete, for the ingredients must be combined with the greatest care. For a successful life, as for a successful cake, you can not throw them together in a helter-skelter fashion, but must stir and add and stir some more, always keeping a picture of your desired goal before you.

If you have all the ingredients and combine them thoughtfully, and if you wait patiently for opportunities and rewards, your life, like your cake, will be as rich and full as one could ask—a model upon which others will base their living.

The teacher was explaining the history lesson to a very brilliant senior class.

"Why the Lost Colony so called?" she asked the intelligent students.

Replied a voice in the rear, "'Cause they couldn't find it!"

## DAY BY DAY

at P. H. S.

Sept. 6—Everything under way; everybody swears on three hours study a day.

Sept. 8—Everybody becomes more broad-minded; decides two hours a day is enough.

Sept. 11—Two hours study too much; one hour just about right.

Sept. 13—School has been going for a week; first lap ended. Everyone tired already.

Sept. 14—Juniors cut classes just to show superiority over sophomores.

Sept. 18—Sophomores begin co-education; juniors and seniors size up sophomore girls; sophomore girls elated.

Sept. 21—Seniors go back to old sweethearts; (novelty has worn off)—so sophomore boys get a break.

Sept. 22—Subjects are being dropped faster than bombs in Poland.

Sept. 24—Freckles meets "Kingston 4325".

Sept. 28—Beauty shops have a boom as girls get made over in preparation for Ted Shawn tomorrow.

Sept. 29—Thump, thump. Girls are sold on Ted Shawn's men. P. H. S. boys get ready "to end it all".

P.S.—Greenfield will take a lickin' tomorrow.

Sept. 30—Gyp, Gyp! We should'a beat 'em, dirty crooks! Oh, well, there are plenty more games, so let's keep up the school spirit.

Oct. 1—Beginning of new month; everyone turns over new leaf.

Oct. 2—New leaves don't help—what's the use!

Oct. 4—Sophomores decide that the best thing to take up in high school is the teacher's time.

Oct. 6—Seniors decide that school is equipped for studying, but so is an ocean liner decked with life boats. In either case to be used only in case of emergency.

Oct. 7—Those Springfield lads are plenty tough, but we are tougher. We just didn't get the breaks.

Oct. 8—Sunday. Flip coin on whether to hear "Chase & Sanborn," or flunk English tomorrow.

Oct. 10—Indians introduce new kind of jittingbugging into P. H. S.

Oct. 12—Columbus discovers America.

Oct. 13—President Grady gets concession of bows and arrows from Indian chief.

Oct. 14—Saturday—Liberty.

Oct. 15—Sunday—Ditto.  
(Holiday).

Oct. 17—Elections are a great idea—ought to be more of them.

Oct. 19—Girls' new long sweaters are so loud boys can't sleep in class anymore.

Oct. 21—John Bence came close to losing his beard. Adams 7, P. H. S. 6.

Oct. 23—Seniors flash new class rings before dazzled eyes of the sophs and juniors.

Oct. 24—Fifty shopping days to Christmas. We can hardly wait for dear old Santa.

Oct. 26—Snow flurries—winter is just around the corner.

Oct. 27—Boy! Red flannels are a great help.

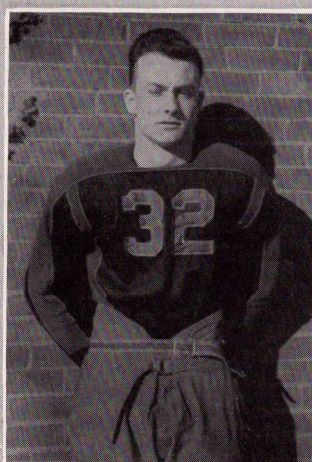
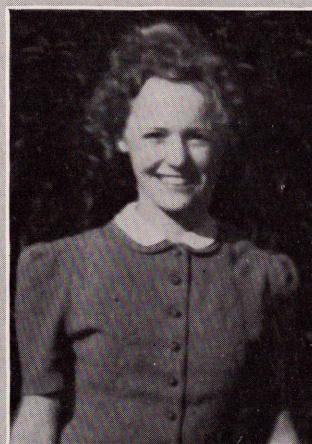
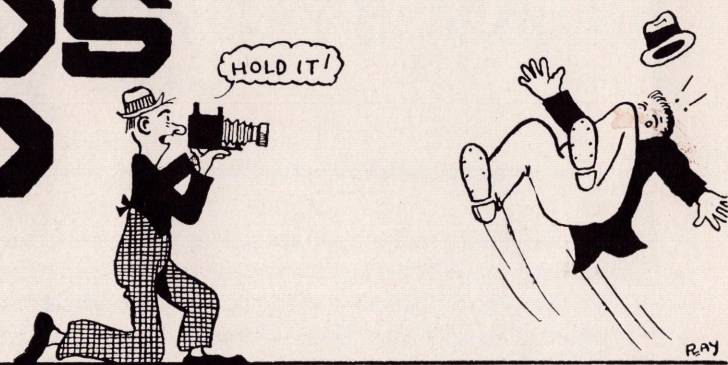
Oct. 30—Business crash! Sophs stop buying lunches as biology classes start directing things.

Oct. 31—Spooooooooooooo!

Nov. 1—Another month packed away. Let's make November a big month for dear old P. H. S.



# WHO'S WHO



November, 1939

15

## ADVERTISING MANAGER

Meet Julia Lamm, who in her junior year has become the advertising manager of *THE PEN*. She thinks it's much nicer to give orders than to take them. Julia loves chocolate sundaes, but oral topics, jars that will not open, and embarrassing moments are her natural enemies. She collects match covers, so if you find any cute ones, bring them to 141. She longs to go to the World's Fair and to learn the proper method of eating spaghetti so she won't be publicly embarrassed.

## BOBBY

Secretary of the Senior Class and President of Tri-Hi—that's Barbara Myers,—“Bobby” to all her friends. Being called Barbara annoys her and so does being made to blush. Bobby thinks Italian spaghetti is tops, and, you swing fans, she is an enthusiastic admirer of grand opera. She loves to cook, to read, and her favorite sports are bike-riding and skating (not at the Crystal Palace—on ice). Her main problem concerning the future is wondering whether she will pass the college board examinations for Vassar.

## ESSAY EDITOR

This young lady is none other than Winifred Aitchison, secretary of the Debating Club and essay editor of *THE PEN*. If you wish to be her friend, don't, oh don't call her “Winnie.” (The nickname's “Bina”). She thinks swing and Kay Kyser are pretty much all right, although she is fond of classical music. Bina loves sports and is in the Mikado chorus. She isn't the least domestic, though, and hates to cook. The results are disastrous. Her ambition is to be a journalist and judging from the work she's done in P. H. S. we know she'll be a success.

## HUNTSMAN

Fellow students, beware of the forests 'cause Dead-eye Jack Grady is on the loose! So far he's missed the bunnies, but he might not miss you. Liking all outdoor sports, the clever quarterback of our football team admits he can be thrown for a loss any day for a piece of chocolate cake (girls—the cook books!) His ardent hope is, that some day, the school day will be composed of five study periods with an extra hour for lunch (would be nice, come to think of it—). If there's anything he dislikes more than losing a game, it's dashing around the halls looking for some kind soul to give him an admit slip. He hopes one day to get his degree in journalism and to return triumphant to Pittsfield to edit the Eagle's Obituary Column.

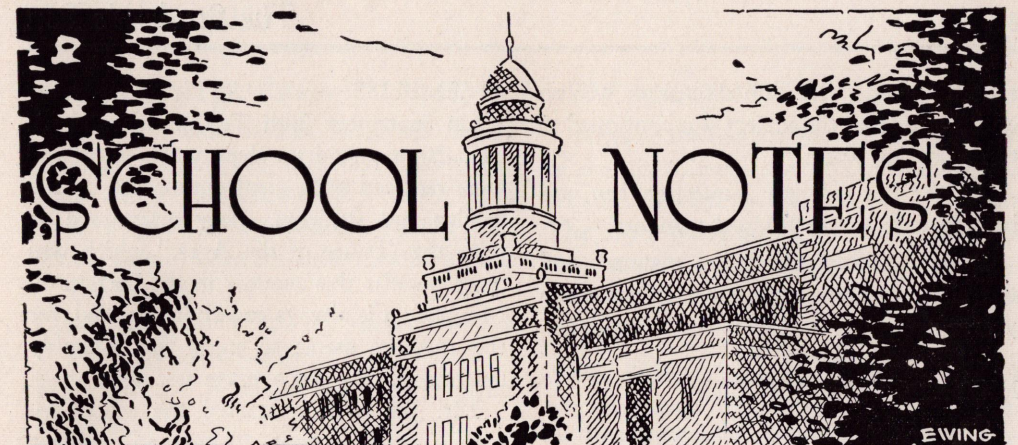
## STAR TACKLER

Boys and girls (yeah, sophomores, too) meet Almon Roche, captain of our football team. Al, doublecrossing coaches and physicians alike, refuses to eat vegetables and won't drink milk—“that stuff's for sissies!” says he—but thrives on ham sandwiches—he detests study hall clowns but dotes on musically minded blondes. Although liking U. S. history, he finds study the most interesting period of the day. Like so many of us—his pet hate is homework! If he cannot get on the WPA upon graduating, he hopes to enter West Point (he gets sea-sick, the sissy!)

## SINGING EDITOR

“Blonde” fan is dark, curly-headed Bruce Hainsworth—Editor-in-chief of *THE PEN*, vice president of Debating club, and singer extraordinary (he guarantees not to miss a sour note!) A typical slave-driver he urges his writers to eat spinach so they can work twenty-four hours a day instead of twenty-three and one half. He wants to be a chemical engineer and has already drawn up plans for the cutest bomb! (Wait'll we tell Hitler.) Known to his friends as the “Professor”, he indulges in—horror of horrors—puns!





#### SENIOR NOTES

In the September meeting last year's class officers were reelected to pilot our class through the last year. They are:

President	John Grady
Vice Presidents	Delores Dondi, Robert Wood
Secretary	Barbara Myers
Treasurer	Mary Ann Carnevale

The Senior Class has voted to present sometime in February the operetta "Mikado", under the direction of F. Carl Gorman. The chairman of the event is William Pierson.

Mabel Valenti has been elected chairman of the Good Will Committee.

William Kenyon has left our halls of knowledge for Mount Hermon School for Boys.

Claire Grieve is now a student at the House in the Pines in Norton.

Gene Amber has gone to the Berkshire School in Sheffield.

Margaretta Annin—"Mickey" to you—is attending Choate School in Brookline.

#### JUNIOR NOTES

Welcome back, all juniors, and our greetings to any new members of the class. After a long summer vacation it was a struggle to get our minds back on "Cicero" and "Perfect square trinomials", but it has been accomplished and the class is sailing merrily along the deep waters of learning.

The girls' athletics have started, but as yet no teams have been chosen. We hope that our girls will keep up the good work they

started as sophs last year (of course it was eons ago that we were sophs—why we can hardly remember it!).

Representatives have been elected from the home rooms to nominate class officers, but no meeting has been held.

#### SOPHOMORE NOTES

There has been a noticeable decrease in the "Lost, Strayed, and Found" sophomores. They are no longer bewildered and seem to realize that there are no classes on the fourth floor, and that the elevator is reserved for the transportation of school supplies only.

Those neat little red gym suits which resemble old fashioned bathing suits are being worn by the sophs and attract the eyes of many. They may be cute to look at, but the little sophs are having difficulties in keeping the pleats pressed.

#### DEBATING CLUB NEWS

The Debating Club has started its new year with the following officers who were elected last June: *President*, George Walsh; *Vice President*, Bruce Hainsworth; *Secretary*, Winifred Aitchison; and *Parliamentarian*, Herbert Boyajian.

The first discussion was on the threefold question: United States should, in her trade relations with other countries, maintain (1) strict neutrality, upheld by Albert Wing; (2) a cash and carry basis, upheld by Arthur Teot; or (3) a delivery system, upheld by George Gilbert. After each leader had pre-



sented his side, the club discussion was so enthusiastic that the subject was continued to the following week.

At the last meeting a question bee was held, George Walsh being the winner.

Many activities are being planned, and the club is looking forward to a successful year.

### MOTION PICTURE CLUB

The Motion Picture Club opened its third year September 22, 1939. The following officers were elected:

Eunice Potter, *President*; Arthur Cooper, *Vice President*; Ruth Garner, *Recording Secretary*; Irene Gallipeau, *Corresponding Secretary*; Carolyn Vergatti, *Treasurer*; Philomena Mele, *Chairman of Program Committee*; Rose Russo, *Chairman of Reporting Committee*; Alan Cooley, *Librarian*; Isabelle Meledeo, *Assistant Librarian*. The faculty adviser is Miss Laura Hodges of the English department.

The purpose of the club is to increase the students' appreciation of motion pictures. This is accomplished by studying one picture a month.

At the last meeting, Arthur Cooper, Alan Cooley, Irene Gallipeau, Carolyn Vergatti, and Ruth Garner discussed pictures they had seen during the summer.

### TRI-HI

The officers for the coming year in Tri-Hi are *President*, Barbara Myers; *Vice President*, Pamela Walker; *Secretary*, Helen Goodwin; *Treasurer*, Dolores Dondi; *Warden*, Betty Wade; *Adviser*, Miss Millett. New members that are coming into the club are Alice Prendergast, Leona Shutts, Eleanor Preble, Eleanor Corneau, Mary Quinn, Winifred Aitchison, Gloria Librizzi, Lois Milton, Irma Dondi, Antoinette Mogovero and Cynthia Scribner.

### ASSEMBLIES:—

On September 29th Ted Shawn and his men dancers paid us their yearly visit and were received with great enthusiasm by the faculty and students. They entertained us with the "Dance of the Ages," which was quite popular this summer in the Berkshires. Mr. Shawn is always eagerly applauded, for the audience seems to enjoy this assembly much more than the average assembly.

Mr. Jim Wilson started the school assembly series on Sept. 19 with an excellent talk on his travels in foreign countries. The students enjoyed Mr. Wilson's humor, and we hope they benefited by the serious advice contained in his talk.

On October 10th Mr. and Mrs. Laubins presented a very interesting and unusual performance, giving us an example of what they had learned on the Indian reservation where Mr. Laubins lived at one time. This assembly gave the students an idea of how ignorant most of us are of the first Americans, the Indians.

### SEEN AROUND THE BUILDING—

A bewildered soph struggling with his lock. . . Boys trying in vain to go down the end stairs to lunch. . . A student combing his hair in the cafeteria. Tsk! Tsk! . . . A soph bravely entering a study hall beneath the critical gaze of his upper classmen. . . A kind-hearted senior giving directions to a soph for finding the gym—"up two flights, down one, two rights and one left, down one flight, one right and one left"—and the soph ends up in the janitors' room.

**WARNING** to Miss Nagle's pupils. Never tamper with her ventilator, for we have it on the very best authority that she has been giving some of her Latin classes valuable instruction on the heating system of the building. She has also been giving the advice not to touch any of the aforesaid under penalty of death!

### MINUTE INTERVIEWS

A nation-wide debate is on to decide whether Thanksgiving should be held on the usual date or a week earlier. Here's what some of the P. H. S. studes think about it.

Jimmy Roe—"Give the turkey another week to fatten up."

Crosby Olinto—"I like my turkey the last Thursday in November."

Mary Scott—"It would break up so many customs."

"Cap" Al Roche—"It's always been that way; leave it alone."

Bob Wood—"I can't imagine eating turkey seven days in a row."

Mable Valenti—"Why not let the turkey decide?"

Eddie Haddad—"It won't seem like Turkey Day."

Helen Prendergast—"Changing the date would break the traditions."

Jack Grady—"They can change it to the Fourth of July for all I care."

Bob Hurley—"I don't care as long as I eat."

Joe Melle—"We can eat turkey a week earlier."

Bill Pierson—"It upsets all the college football schedules."

Dolores Dondi—"Have pity on the poor turkey and give him another week."

Dorothy Roe—"People would object."

June Brown—"Have two Thanksgivings and two vacations from school."

Eddie Kellar—"It would improve the business conditions in the United States."

George Mitchell—"Massachusetts wouldn't change it anyway."

Grenville Lindlay—"It tastes better on the old day."

Henry Rosenthal—"It's been that way so long, why not leave it alone?"

Alton Nicholls—"You can get your turkey dinner earlier."

John Massimiano—"Good idea for the football season."

### HERE AND THERE

Bows on the heads of the feminine members of our organization are still prominent and popular, though the style has varied a bit. The bows worn on top of the girls' heads have streamers hanging down the length of the hair. The more conservative wear the childish ornaments on the sides of their heads.

Our fellow schoolmates, the boys, are not so conspicuous with their gay-colored sport shirts as they were when the bell first rang on that fatal day in early September. The colors of the shirts ranged from flame red and deep purple to black.

Girls' sweaters are going down and skirts are coming up. One may notice at any time during the day the browser sweater which is as much as six inches, sometimes more, below the waist.

What about all these hockey and volley ball games "rain or shine" we've been hearing about on the bulletin? Girls, do you really play in the rain? Of course, we know that the femmes of P. H. S. are no sugar babies, and would just as soon play in the rain as not.

Time was when bracelets were for arms alone, but in this modern world they're being worn on the legs as well.

And if we don't watch out, girls will not be wearing shoes at all—the less toe and heel to their shoes these days, the better they like it.

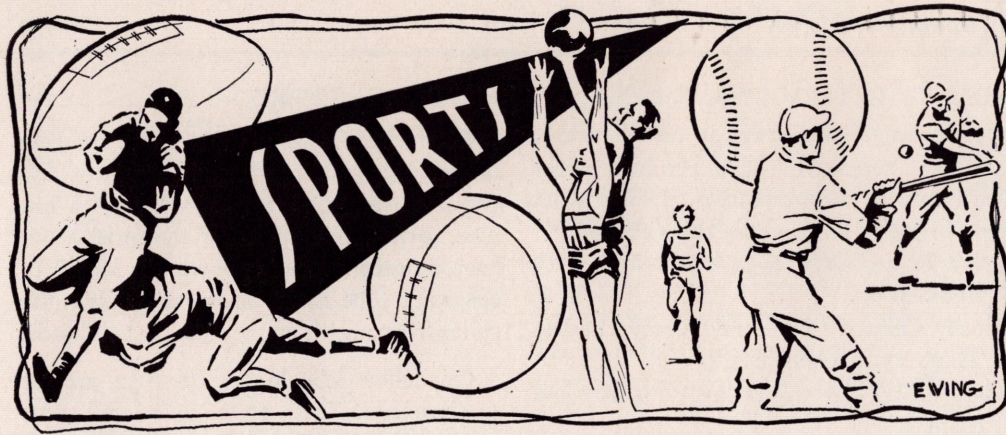
Angora is very popular this season. Sweaters of this wool are an old story, but now even the ankle sox are of angora too.

### A SCRATCH FROM THE PEN

I saw in last night's paper that five teachers and one student were killed in an airplane crash.

Poor fellow!





## INITIAL DEFEAT

By Fred Cande

In the first football game of the year, in spite of the fact that they were dedicating a new field and wearing new uniforms, an out-played and out-classed Pittsfield eleven went down to defeat on September 30 at the hands of a powerful and smooth Greenfield eleven. The score was 19-0.

The outcome of the game was soon made apparent, as Greenfield marched to the one-yard line on off-tackle slants. Szymakowski went over for the first score, and then he kicked the extra point.

Caliento stopped another Greenfield thrust by falling on the fumbled ball at the ten, but after Grady punted to midfield, Greenfield marched back to the eighteen-yard stripe, from which Szymakowski went off tackle to score again. The try for point failed.

Brissette added six more points in the third quarter to complete a thoroughly dismal afternoon for Pittsfield fans.

Sophomore guard Ed Hanna played a good brand of football for Pittsfield, and his work brightened up an otherwise dismal showing. Nevertheless, there is plenty of spirit present, and the team should show up well in future games.

Final score: Greenfield 19  
Pittsfield 0

## TECH 14—PITTSFIELD 7

By Fred Cande

On October 7 the Pittsfield High eleven went to Springfield to meet the team of Tech High School of that city in grid combat, with hopes of repeating their victory of last year, but in spite of a brilliant first quarter, they came off second best. Yet to the large crowd of loyal rooters who followed the team, their showing was anything but discouraging, as they were a far superior team to the team that played Greenfield the week before.

Charging fast and capitalizing on Tech fumbles, they scored a touchdown and the extra point before most of the crowd were settled in their seats. Shortly after the start of the game, Grady threw a long, lobbing pass intended for Evans. Tech's McCarthy batted the ball down, but Johnny Bence, coming down to block, grabbed the ball and brought it to the sixteen. Evans made a first down, and on the fourth down, Grady went over from the one-yard line.

After the kick-off Tech, starting from their own eighteen, brought the ball to the Pittsfield thirty-nine-yard line, where their attack bogged down. Pittsfield took the ball at their twenty when the Tech punt went into the end zone, made a first down, and then lost the ball on an intercepted pass. On the third Tech play Murphy went over for the score; he repeated for the extra point.

In the third quarter Tech turned on the power and went down the field, followed by the extra point.

Final score: Springfield 14  
Pittsfield 7

Joe Renzi, who had so much to do with Pittsfield's victory last year, recently lost an eye in an unfortunate accident. In the early stages of the game, he sat on the Pittsfield bench. Perhaps his presence aided in the fine showing made in the first quarter by the team, many members of which played with him last year.

## AND THE RESERVES!

By Fred Cande

On Friday, October 6 the Pittsfield High Reserves went out to Dalton to give battle to Dalton High, with the hope of winning a game before the Varsity, but they hadn't counted on a spirited Dalton eleven led by Jack Carmel, a pile-driving halfback, who scored both of Dalton's touchdowns. When the final whistle blew, the score favored Dalton, 12-7.

After a steady first quarter advance, Carmel went fifteen yards on an off-tackle smash for Dalton's first score. He repeated on a fifty-four yard jaunt around end for Dalton's final score. Both times the try for extra point failed.

After the half time the reserves came driving back to plant the ball on the two-yard line as the third quarter ended. On the first play of the fourth period Burghardt cracked center to score. Germanoski added the extra point on an end run.

A final desperate try for victory failed, as Archambault intercepted a Pittsfield pass just before the final whistle.

Jack Carmel starred for Dalton; Germanoski showed up well for Pittsfield.

## LICKED AGAIN!

On October 14 Pittsfield's gridders marched onto the new Dorothy Deming field clamoring for blood to avenge last year's defeat at the hands of the Agawam raiders. If they got any blood, however, it was their own, for when the game was over, they were on the little end of a 20-7 score. The only bright spot in an otherwise gloomy afternoon was Pittsfield's last-period touchdown drive, featuring the aerial combination, Grady-Simeno.

The first quarter was a grim, thrill-less affair, featuring chiefly the visitors' well-oiled running attack. The second period proved quite different, however, for on the third play Agawam's Pisano had plunged over the goal line for the first score of the game. Pisano again knifed the Pittsfield line for the extra point.

Before the half Agawam staged another touchdown march. Seventy-eight yards they swept irresistibly, with Pisano sparking the outfit behind a solid mass of interferers. The Agawam boys failed to convert.

A twin seventy-eight-yard touchdown march came in the third period. Freeman finally took the ball over, and Mason added the extra point.

But Pittsfield's boys were still game, and in the closing moments of the third period and in the first of the fourth, they unleashed an attack accompanied by aerial bombardment which finally pushed the orange-and-brown men back into their end zone. Grady's place-kick was good; it ended the scoring for the afternoon.

The most plausible theory for Agawam's success that we've heard is that Coach Smith has developed a sort of horizontal pile-driver with "31" (code for "Pisano") on his back. This monster's only weakness is in his legs, which buckle under the weight of five or more players.

Twining and Grady were the shining lights for Pittsfield.



## GIRLS' SPORTS

Bertha Thomson

Rosemary McHugh

Constance Vreeland

### HOCKEY

As this article goes to press, the hockey tournament has not yet been played. However, the girls have practiced faithfully and the teams have been chosen.

#### Seniors

Mary Maruk, g. Marjorie Monticone, r.f.  
Mary Dennis, l.f. Wanda Naprava, l.w.  
Margaret Ward, l.i. Emma Renzi, c.f.  
Dorothy Yarmey, r.f. Jennie Karpeck, l.h.  
Lillian Blair, c.h. Alta Miller, r.h.  
Wanda Pictrowski, r.w.

#### Juniors

Christine Mangeon, c.f. Jane Hennelly, c.h.  
Mildred Collins, r.i. Doris Lovejoy, r.h.  
Mary Conti, r.w. Mary Broderick, l.h.  
Virginia Gamwell, l.i. Jeanette Lysilwski, l.f.  
Ruth Brown, l.w. Virginia Broyles, g.  
Grace Jones, r.f.

Subs: Jessie Sadlowski, Arna Brookman

#### Sophomores

Jean MacLeod, g. Rita Lecuyer, l.w.  
Dana Arnold, l.w. Margaret Grutter, c.f.  
Ruth White, l.h. Wanda Wojtowski, c.h.  
Rena Grabicki, r.h. Ruth Johnson, l.f.  
Doris Miller, r.f. Lillian Hogue, r.w.

Anita Kingsley, l.i.

### WHO WILL WIN???

### ARCHERY

Because of unfavorable weather, an archery range has been set up in the gym. Forty-five bales of straw have been rented for the season, and a canvas has been made especially for this.

Confidentially, the janitor must be having some time trying to keep the mouse trap (which may be seen in back of the range) filled with cheese, so that the mice won't have a feast on straw instead.

In all, the range has proved very satisfactory and the archery tournament is now in full swing.

### SWIMMING

Swimming team practice will start for Pittsfield High School girls on November 14th. Last year there was not sufficient interest to have teams representing any of the schools. The school this year will have Evelyn Denno, Barbara Gaylord, Marjorie Salo, Bertha Thomson, Rose Reed, Ann Roberts, Virginia Retallick, Madeline Keegan, Margaret Ward, Lillian Blair, Betty Wade, Margaret Grutter, Ann Pomerantz, Ruth Raynor, Helen Wade, and Marjorie Sayles to back on, plus the sophomore mermaids.

Girls are invited to join the teams when practice starts. Interschool as well as inter-class meets will be held. Pittsfield High School usually has most of the material for the Women's Swimming Association Varsity team.

### MINE

By Betty Milne

I try to think of words enough  
To voice my trust in him;  
He reminds me of a sturdy tree  
With me a helpless limb.

He may be just another man  
Who works his span of years;  
He may not be a hero, but  
He has no foes nor fears.

He's just a weary working man;  
I'll always understand  
That all his work is done for me—  
I've seen his calloused hand.

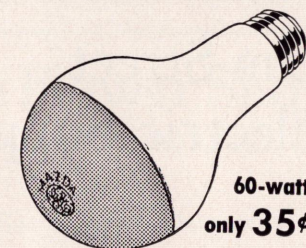
My conscience pricks me when I think  
Of all the things I've had;  
He's given me the best of life  
To be a perfect Dad.

Have you an old-fashioned  
**GLARE-MAKER**  
in your home?



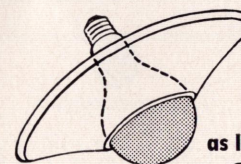
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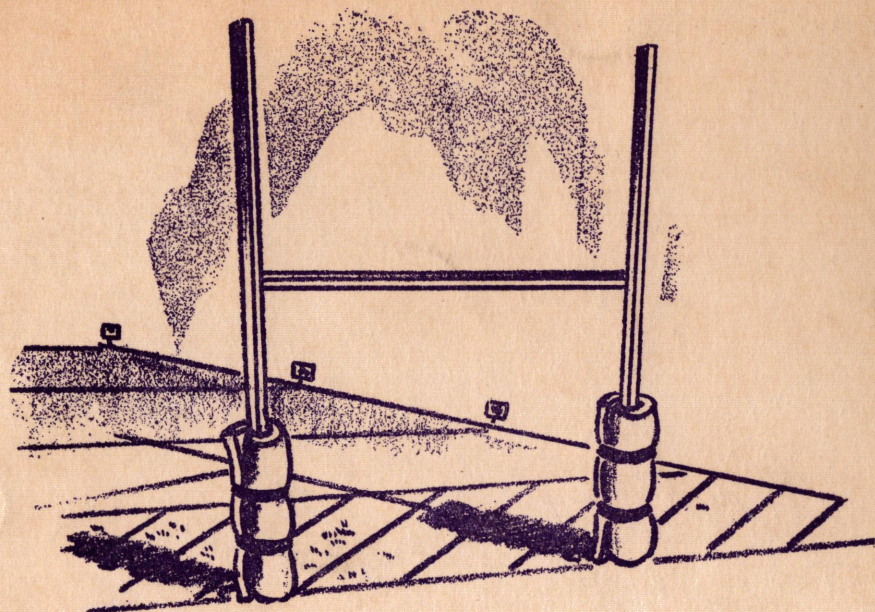
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